

from the want of reflection. For what little boy would attempt to torture a fly, or any other animal whatever, if they did but recollect, that they have in some degree at least, the same feelings as we have?

“It is always my rule, (said Amintor) and so it is with my dear sister, whenever we are going to do any thing, to ask ourselves the question, whether it is such as we would wish to be done with by others? This is a never-failing guide, and such as never will deceive us.”

Mr. Stubbs then gave these sweet children his blessing, and left them; after which, having seen their flock safely folded, they went arm in arm towards their own hovel, when their poor parents were waiting for them in order that they might partake with them of their humble fare.

*Chapter the Third.*

AS Amintor and Florella were going home together, they met Squire Simpson's house, which

*Chapter*